

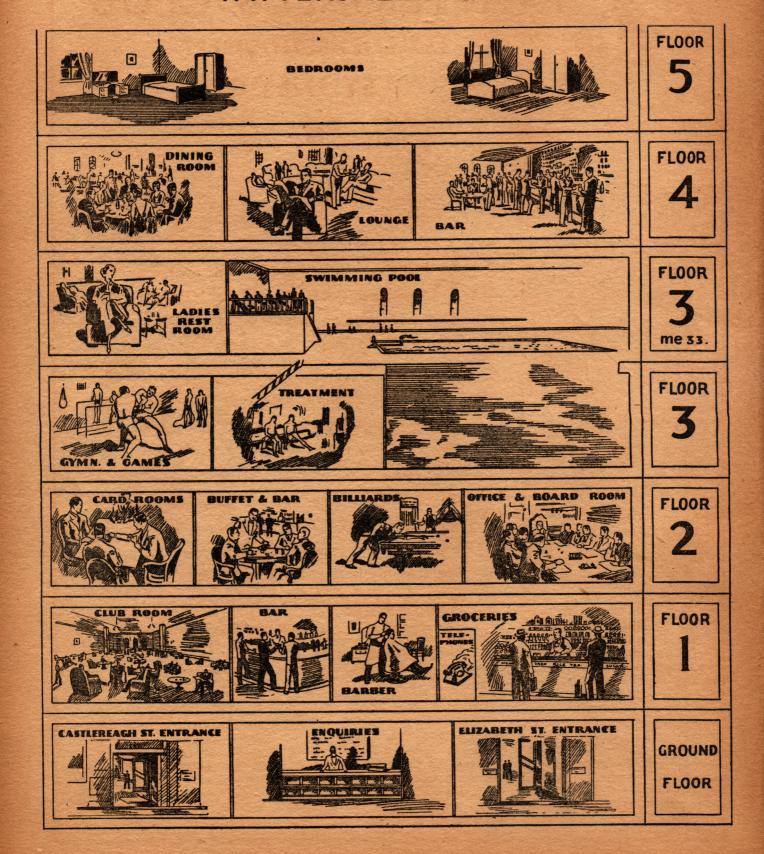
Tattersall's Club Magazine

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 17. No. 1. March, 1944.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB





Established 14th May, 1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET
SYDNEY

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Secretary : T. T. MANNING A GENTLE REMINDER: Membership subscriptions are due for renewal. Your subscription represents so little in return for so much in service. That may be fairly said.

You have to consider, not only what you gain by being a member of Tattersall's Club, but what you would lose in not being a member.

That's where you get down to mental auditing. Well, make all the additions and subtractions, and you should bring your club membership out on the credit side.

Thus, membership of Tattersall's Club must be classed as a good investment. Renew that investment.

Vol. 17-No. 1.

March, 1944.

The Club Man's Diary

MARCH BIRTHDAYS: 4th, Roy Hendy, H. L. Lambert; 5th, F. J. Carberry; 10th, A. G. Collins; 11th, J. H. E. Nathan; 14th, G. W. Savage; 15th, Ernest Moore; 17th, P. Nolan; 25th, Capt. J. Broadbent; 26th, J. A. Roles, M. F. Albert; 29th, P. E. Wolf; 31st, R. Wootton.

Melba had so many "farewell seasons" that whether the appearance I recall was the final or the penultimate is something to which I cannot swear. But there she was, the Queen of Song, in the role of Mimi ("La Boheme"), on the stage of Her Majesty's, as the brilliant Grand Opera season of 1928 approached its close.

I think she appeared only in the final scene. With me at the back of the dress circle stood a notable Australian baritone, said to be a protege of Melba. He was visibly affected. Could she carry it off, the role she had sung since her debut in 1886? At the curtain he mumbled, "Thank heavens that's over!"

Melba was then probably 66 years of age, and her reign had extended over 42 years.

I was reminded of the foregoing by reading in an overseas newspaper the reminiscences of Albert Spalding, an American violinist of world distinction in other years. The reviewer wrote:

"An early adventure for charity put him on a Colonne concert with the veteran Adelina Patti, of whose performance he says, 'It was the masterly campaign of a general whose depleted army, ragged in equipment and lacking in munitions, has to be supplemented by the genius of cunning and strategy. . . . When she approached a passage where she apprehended difficulty, or perhaps disaster, she employed her fan with telling results. She would start the scale or arpeggio with aplomb, the fan in her outstretched arm slowly unfolding. This would continue to the register beyond which lay danger. Then, with a sudden gesture, the arm would fly up, the fan snapped shut with a click, the audience would burst into a tumult of applause, drowning out both orchestra and voice, and triumph greeted a fioritura or a high note that never was heard."

Once I rather impertinently ventured the opinion to a distinguished visiting artist, a veteran, that Melba surely was the greatest woman singer in history.

"A great singer, yes," he answered, "but, ah! Adelina Patti."

It was his polite way of informing,

if not correcting, me.

Incidentally, Spalding wrote of a woman singer: "Architecturally she was built somewhat like a Byzantine cathedral, wide-spaced and bulging heavily with domes."

THE DRINKING MAN
In all thy humours, whether grave or
mellow,

Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;

Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,

There is no living with thee, or without thee.

-Addison's "Spectator."

This story is enjoying a vogue in legal circles ("Truth's" London correspondent reports):

Judge: And what, Mr. Blank, does your witness mean by "Sez you"?

Counsel: It appears, M'lud, that it is an American expression which has gained currency in the language of the people here through the insidious agency of the cinema, and the expression is used, I am told, to indicate a state of dubiety or cynical nature in the mind as to the veracity or credulity of the statement on which a man comments. It that clear, M'lud?

Judge: Oh, yeah?

A prominent trainer in another State, in upholding a fellow-trainer for allegedly giving "don't knock him about" orders and getting into trouble, said stipendiary stewards have their good points but are not infallible ("Pilot" writes in "The Bulletin"). Probably so, but that can also be said of trainers. He favoured latitude where horses were not quite fit, but it would be asking

a little too much of stewards to suggest they should countenance a code of racing ethics which permitted any trainer to prepare his horse in races until he thought it "something to bet on." No matter what trainers' opinions on that point may be, racegoers really are entitled to some recognition and protection.

Flight Sergeant Maurice Isaac Green, who was killed as the result of an aircraft accident at sea, was the only son of a club member, Mr. Israel Green, and of Mrs. Green. This boy—he was only 20—is one of the deathless legion whom destiny had chosen for a great role, and whom time will salute. We share with his parents and sisters their sorrow in their loss and their pride in his gallant service.

We regret also to record the passing of Mr. Archibald Walter Gardner, on February 23 (member since 26/3/23), Mr. Abraham George Montanjees (George Monte) on February 16 (member since 19/1/1914), and Dr. Karl Owen Jones on 27/2/44 (member since 26/5/41).

We offer an expression of our sympathy to their families and relatives.

From a recent sporting page on sailing:

"Lately Top Dog had her number changed from 13 to 10, but it was of no avail. Her bad luck persisted and dogged her all the way, and she finally finished fifth. The Mistake, who got the number 13, finished ninth. The crew of The Mistake had hoped that No. 13 would save them from the run of bad luck that had been dogging them."

Major Taylor—the negro cyclist of other years and no relation of the daily newspapers' family of major miracles, major crises, major contests, and so on—favoured No. 13, and all dogging him were his rivals, often lengths behind.

Reference in the daily press to Battling Nelson, "The Durable Dane," recalled his many contests, with the exception of that against Jimmy Britt for the lightweight championship of the world. I saw

the fight on the flicks—and they did flick in those early days. Britt, brilliant boxer, fought on the retreat. Nelson, with arms raised as a shield, waded into the battery. My memory fails me as to who won in the long run, and in which round, but I believe that Nelson got the verdict.

I read also in the press of Sam Langford having been found "in a dingy Harlem rooming house—alone, penniless and blind." The press writer described Langford's contests with McVea here in 1911-12 as "ring epics."

That's stretching it. McVea was awarded the first fight on points by "Snowy" Baker. McVea did scarcely more than flick a left to Langford's right eye and fall into a clinch. In other contests Langford was fitter and belted McVea, whose chief handicap was his mortal fear of Langford.

"Sunny Jim" Williams also went under to the crude "Tiger" Payne for a similar reason.

Hugh D. McIntosh sat next to me at the ringside. "You can win a lot of money on Payne," he said. I laughed. Williams was a class fighter and Payne a slather em whack. Hugh D. replied that, if I had never previously seen a white nigger, I would see one that night.

As Williams approached the ring I noticed that he was quaking with fear. He was muttering to himself and blanched at first sight of the Tiger.

Once, when Williams had been bowled over and had been carried to his corner on the call of time, Payne rushed across, brushed aside the seconds and tore into his rival. The Indian Sign beat Williams.

* * *

When Pavlova went to N.Z., a hotelkeeper was so flattered by the fact of her patronage that he served a special repast on the first night, plastering the menu with obscure foreign names, tieing it gaily with the Russian colours of the Czarist regime. Handing her the ornate thing, boniface waited at her side, breathlessly—mere mortals, such as waitresses, being stowed behind the flower pots. The great dancer glanced down the menu, turned to the publican and, with a trill of ecstasy in her voice, said: "Ah, ver' nice! Corned beef an' carrots, pleez."

The story of Musso's capture and incarceration, before his "escape," records how he at first ripped off his clothes and stamped his feet, then sagged, his head collapsing on to his chest — something after the style of Nero, on his downfall, as described by Suetonius:

"Having learned that Galba also and the Spanish provinces had revolted, he fainted and lay for a long time insensible, without a word and all but dead. When he came to himself he rent his robe and beat his brow, declaring that it was all over

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SUPPORTS
73
AUSTRALIAN
PRISONERS OF WAR

with him. And when his old nurse tried to comfort him by reminding him that similar evils had befallen other princes before him, he declared that unlike all others he was suffering the unheard of and unparalleled fate of losing the supreme power while he still lived."

It was claimed for Dr. W. G. Grace that he had made the world's record long hit. Getting under one properly at Ballarat, during his tour in 1873, the great batsman lifted the ball out of the ground into a passing railway truck, and it was carried 50 miles on to Geelong. The record has also been claimed for Bonnor. He hit a ball out of the ground at Bathurst into a railway truck. After the batsmen had run 18 "lost ball" was called. Eventually, the ball was recovered at Bourke.

Opinions differ as to whether the late Cardinal Moran or the late John Norton popularised the use of "wowser." Norton made great denunciatory play with the term, but it may be said to have "arrived" when Cardinal Moran declared that Australia would be all right if the wowsers were discounted.

Broadly speaking, a wowser is not one who differs from you on questions of gravity or gaiety, but a chap who wants to turn your gaiety into his gravity and your gravity into his gaiety.

THE CLUB ROOM CLOCK.

With stately tick and rhythmic tock, Tireless the toll of the club room clock.

No one to hurry it, no one to flurry

Tick-tock

Seeming the idling hours to mock.

Whether you dream in a lounge chair here,

Easy your mind, or fretted with fear, The clock isn't caring how you are faring—

Whether you win or take the knock, Tick-tack....

Do you ever pause to think, my friend,

That Time speeds on? As you near the end

How the tick-a-tock of the clubroom clock,

In muffled blasts,

Fainter grows as you near the last.

How old is civilisation? Sir James Jeans writes in "The Universe Around Us":

"Take a postage stamp and stick it on a penny. Now climb Cleo-patra's Needle" (there's a replica in Sydney's Elizabeth Street) "and lay the penny flat, postage stamp appended, on top of the obelisk. The height of the whole structure may be taken to represent the time that has elapsed since the earth was born. On this scale, the thickness of the penny and stamp together represents the time that man has lived on earth. The thickness of the postage stamp represents the time he has been civilised: the thickness of the penny represents the time he lived in an uncivilised state.'

ANNUAL EASTER SALES OF BLOODSTOCK

will be held at

NEWMARKET STABLES, RANDWICK

as follows:

THOROUGHBRED YEARLINGS

Tuesday, 11th April, Wednesday, 12th April and Thursday, 13th April, 1944

The Catalogue includes particulars of 415 High-class Yearlings from the leading studs in N.S.W. and Queensland.

BROOD MARES

Friday, 14th April, 1944

Particulars have already been received of a number of Highlybred Brood Mares, many with foals at foot by well known sires and served again.

Further entries invited.

STALLIONS, UNTRIED STOCK AND RACEHORSES IN TRAINING

Monday, 17th April, 1944

Entries invited.

WILLIAM INGLIS & SON PTY. LTD.

Bloodstock Salesmen and Licensed Auctioneers
28 O'CONNELL STREET, SYDNEY.

'Phones: B 6411, B 6412.

LATER RACING TO BEAT THE HEAT

By H.G.W.

Some time, some day, some enterprising body will consider staging a race meeting in comfort, after the blistering heat of the day has gone.

In recent weeks persevering racegoers have gone through an endurance test through the worst part of the day.

Limp collars, sweat-soaked clothing and frayed tempers have been the logical result.

Jockeys have gone under with the strain and if the main actors, the horses, have resented the conditions, being dumb, they could do nothing about it.

With the introduction of daylight saving there are three additional hours after racing now ceases providing some of the best of the summer days.

In some of the tropical and subtropical countries these hours are utilised for racing in comparative comfort.

Even in wartime England, racing has been held back to the late afternoon, terminating at between 7 and 8 p.m., and has been proved satisfactory.

Regulations in Australia insist on racing not later than 5.15, irrespective of temperature, comfort, or the greatest good for the majority.

The average male's slavish and craven submission to collar and tie, plus tweed suit conventions in tropical heat is rivalled only by the provision of racing recreation in the most uncomfortable part of the day.

That the last part is the complete anomaly is proved by the necessity over the years for training horses in the fresh air of the early morning.

From a strictly practical viewpoint there seems to be no objection to racing in the cooler hours of the day. Rather for participation by the greater majority, evening racing would be more suitable than that commencing just after midday.

Under daylight saving, racing now actually commences at just after

noon, according to the sun, and not from the timing of man.

The many advantages of later racing are so obvious that it is unnecessary further to emphasise them. They apply to both men and beasts.

Objections are certain to every change or reformation, and now an

AFFILIATED CLUBS

Century Club, Panama, U.S.A.

Denver Athletic Club, Denver, U.S.A.

Lake Shore Club of Chicago, Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, III.

Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los

Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Allied with the Los Angeles

Athletic Club:-

Pacific Coast Club.

Hollywood Athletic Club.

Riviera Country Club.

Santa Monica Deauville Club.

Olympic Club, San Francisco, Cal., * U.S.A.

New York Athletic Club, 180 Central Park South, New York, U.S.A.

Terminal City Club, 837 West Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

The San Diego Club, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.

attempt is made to cover the opposition angle.

Some protests are certain from interested parties and others from legal if archaic standpoints.

First comes the limited hours for provision of liquor, but then the liquor laws, except to the extreme antis, are due for a complete overhaul with an endeavour to encourage social rather than concentrated drinking against a 6 o'clock deadline.

A variation of these regulations do not provide an insuperable obstacle.

Encroachment by later racing on other forms of organised entertainment also might bring objectors, but on up-to-date, clean and efficient racecourses there seems to be no reason for upholding this protest. With racing concluding at 7 p.m. and provision for diners-out on the course, patronage of evening entertainments should not suffer.

For the night-club habitues life does not begin until midnight.

Labour necessary for public transport might provide one snag, but time marches on and a city of the size and substance of Sydney always will not have to depend on its present limited facilities. Charters for this and planning for that must include some recasting of working hours for the general good and not for individual or factional fancies.

And after all, summer time racing applies only to a few short months with the remainder of the year left to be arranged on the time set by the sun.

The civilian male's peculiar fear of being different from his fellows has been emphasised by the comfort of members of the services. Even senior officers whose knobby knees are an offence to the aesthetic eye, have not hesitated to appear at Randwick in shirt, shorts and comfort.

Meantime the civilians ooze around with limp collars, and awry ties, dripping from every pore.

Even bookmakers have been permitted to flout the tweed suit convention and those who do not appear in tropical kit are permitted to work in shirt sleeves and comfort.

Racing is supposed to be a relaxation and recreation. Under existing summer time conditions it is imprisonment in a concrete compartment with hard labour.



FOR MEMBERS AND THEIR LADIES

HORACE LINDRUM

will give an exhibition of

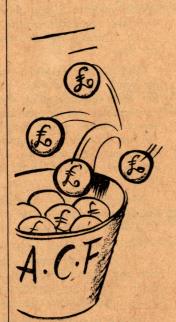
SNOOKER, TRICK SHOTS, Etc. at TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY



on

THURS., MARCH 9

at 8 p.m.



In aid of Lindrum's Australian Comforts Fund Drive

SUITABLE TIME WILL BE SET ASIDE FOR REFRESHMENT INTERVAL

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

"Safety" Plays a Big Part in Snooker — A Few Hints for Advanced Cueists — Importance of Concentration on Object-Ball.

"Why don't you give us something about advanced snooker?" That query was put to the writer during the past month after a member had been devouring the "11 Billiards Commandments" published last issue.

"It seems," he went on, "that writers always imagine every cueist is a dunce and has failed to learn anything of the serious side of either billiards or snooker."

Maybe you are right, Mr. Member, so let us delve into some of the finer points of snooker and the art of break-building.

It is first necessary to stress that the lower than average player might also advance his knowledge by studying the ace players, but he must use his own discretion about his ability to follow their example.

You cannot run before you can crawl. In the same way it is useless to practise stun, screw and side until you have mastered elementary things like stance, cue action and rhythmic swing. All that bit means that if the moderate player attempts, prematurely, to put into practice what is about to be written, his snooker will be almost certainly worse than ever.

Main pointers to real success at snooker are ability to stun, control soft and strong screw, as well as playing heavy forcing shots without losing accuracy in potting or control of the cue-ball.

In snooker the experts pay great attention to safety play and that starts with the first shot of the game—the break-up.

Joe Davis, when practising on our tables during his stay in Sydney, laid it down that the opening shot was at least equal in importance to any in a game.

Most amateurs are content to "smash" the reds, and are happy if the cue-ball misses going into a pocket. They are also delighted when the white trickles into baulk because, they imagine, their opponent will find a scoring shot extremely difficult.

The world's champion also made it clear to those of us who were privileged to watch him in practice that the quality of the opposition determines the type of "break-up."

For instance, if the opponent is weak it is generally good policy to smash up the pack, scatter the balls and reap the benefit afterwards. But, with evenly matched players other tactics must be adopted.

Clipping the outside red (that is the one on the extreme right if playing from the right hand side of the D), is the safest, but, if you are a good potter, it will pay to make first contact with the second red from the top, thus splitting the pack a little more while the cue-ball, after making contact with the top and side cushions, will find an avenue open to permit its return to the bottom end of the table.

Most professionals prefer the lastnamed "break-up," as there is always a reasonable chance of securing a snooker behind one of the three baulk-line colours. So much for the break-up.

Snookering.

Now a bit about snookering. Never fall into the idiotic idea of leaving simple snookers. Study well the position of the balls and reckon up, if successful in your execution, what the chances will be of your opponent getting out of trouble. If success appears certain you should try and work out something more difficult and, even if you fall in your objective, you will at least be proceeding along the right lines to develop your game.

As to break-building, remember that the highest colour ball is not always the correct one to pot after having sunk a red. If by taking a ball of lower value you can visualise three or four others coming in a row that is the shot to play.

Tom Reece, English champion, when at the peak of his form, laid down a very good and simple rule regarding the right shot to play.

"If," he said, "the thought strikes you that were you able to play a certain shot you could make a good break with the resultant 'leave,' that is the only shot to attempt. Go at it with determination and in time confidence will soon follow with added ability."

Another tip. When there is nothing ON, concentrate chiefly in leaving the object-ball in safe position. If you can also lay a snooker or put the cue-ball dead safe, so much the better; but it is the object-ball which must gain most serious attention.

That will, I imagine, surprise most amateurs, who almost always endeavour to push the white away to supposed safety and often receive a shock when their opponent has a long shot at an open pocket and succeeds. Pay a little more attention to dropping the object-ball to a point from which a score is improbable.



Sports Round in U.S.A.

WITH GRANTLAND RICE

Rice and Ducks.

Somewhere round about New Year's Day Grantland Rice became more active than passive, a player, not an observer—or so he thought. Here are his somewhat uncomfortable reflections of his pursuit of the elusive duck.

It was just about daybreak. A sweeping gale, half hurricane, came out of the north-east, accompanied by a cold, driving rain.

"A perfect day to kill ducks," the guide said. He had overlooked the fact that it was a much more perfect day to kill men. The wind roared, the rain whipped in, the small boat rolled and soon was half full of water.

"You couldn't find a better day for ducks," the guide said. There were ducks everywhere, but there was a lot more rain and wind and bumping water in the bay.

It still isn't quite daylight and the storm is picking up speed and hitting power. It is also getting colder and colder, wetter and wetter, rougher and rougher, tougher and tougher.

Everyone is soaked and freezing. But everyone is happy except your correspondent, who has suddenly decided he has no hostile feeling against any duck. In fact he likes ducks. But it is too late now. We are out in the middle of a virtual tidal wave to mow them down.

We finally reach the blind. Ahead was the job of getting out the decoys and the cane for the camouflage:

We get the skiff into the blind position as another half-tidal wave hits us and we really get to work. Part of the decoys are swept overboard. Part of the cane for the blinds go with the decoys. Your correspondent would like to go with both and end it all.

Now we are all set in the blind, with a sand bar close at hand.

Here come the ducks—teal, redhead, mallard, widgeon, sprigtail, black duck, canvas back, dough-grey, every known form of the duck breed. A big part of this display was due to Ducks Unlimited, a fine sporting organisation.

And there were DUCKS UNLIM-ITED.

The ducks were doing all right. But I kept thinking why should man be subjected to this punishment.

"Here they come," our guide said. "Get low-get low."

We got low. At this moment another swirl of wind and rain overturned our boat.

Mind you, it was bitter cold, and much colder as our clothing became drenched.

"We missed that raft, cap, but they'll be back. Workin' over to another bay. But they'll be back just as soon as we get straightened out again—set, you know," said our amiable guide.

I turned to a fellow named stout Steve Owen, coach of the New York Giants, who was in the next boat. I could see that Owen's 280-pounds were in agony. He was taking an even worse beating, for he was a much bigger target.

"Bring me the Bears and the Redskins," he growled. "Bring me Baugh and Luckman."

At this spot a rush of water swept Owen out of sight. And this is true. I'll admit at that time I wasn't interested in what happened to Owen. I was only interested in a fellow named Rice.

We got on a mud bar or a sand bar again, and it took us fifty minutes to get away, losing a paddle and a few more decoys.

Meanwhile, duck were flying all around us by the thousands. But we were under water or under mud. It is no easy matter to get a sneak boat, or a skiff, back into action from a muddy sand bar in the middle of a storm, where the mud is at least four feet deep.

"This storm is about over," our guide said. "We'll get 'em in a few minutes." But in the next few minutes the storm was picking up a new pace. The next boat was blown through the blind, turned over, with all guns and ammunition lost.

The blind was wrecked. The ducks were thick around us, but we were fighting for our lives. Steve Owen was only half afloat, calling me names that I have never heard before.

Suddenly, someone fired a gun and a teal blew out to sea. He was dead —and he was lucky.

We got set again with thousands of duck swarming in. We were ready for the big killing. But once again another half-hurricane struck us with another rush of water, and once again the boat went under—and so did we.

By this time the wind had reached a velocity of 50 miles an hour and the rain was a young deluge. Under these conditions you couldn't hit an elephant at 5 paces.

Had the teals and mallards and redheads and widgeons been smart they could have murdered us. For we were whipped.

Soaking wet, battered and beaten, half-drowned, aching and cursing, we only wanted to find "Red" Leatherbury's houseboat, with Pat Moulton, my favourite director leading the way.

The ducks were not smart—we were not smart—but who is, in this cockeyed world?

.....

Enlisted men in the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps receive 2 dols. monthly additional pay upon being awarded a Medal of Honour, a Distinguished Service Medal, a Distinguished Service Cross or a Navy Cross. For being awarded a Medal of Honour, army officers receive 10 dols. monthly which is applied to a pension fund.

* * *

A recent survey made among almost 2,500,000 American soldiers to determine their food preferences revealed that the majority of them like frankfurters more than any other meat, mashed potatoes more than fried, cake more than pie, and that they prefer cocoa to coffee.

Canada-U.S.A. Sport Contests

Here is a toast to the Maple Leaf, and our neighbours up the way. From the borderline of the northern pines, from the Gulf to Baffin Bay. To those who have played the games we play, in the same fixed thought and deed, In the same rare spirit of sportsmanship that goes with the same keen breed.

They belong to us—we belong to them, in a world that is yet to be. From the southern palms to the Arctic snows, where the spirit of man is free, Where "never a law of God or Man" can split the two apart, From the deep, deep south to the barren lands, in the battle of heart and heart.

A leading sportsman from Canada, and the land of the Maple Leaf is packed with sportsmen, offers an excellent suggestion.

"Why can't we have competition, on logical lines, between Canada and the United States, especially on the war service side? I'd like to include hockey, lacrosse, basketball, even baseball (if the U.S. would leave out its big leaguers), boxing, and a few other games where each side had an even chance. Or nearly an even chance. At least a contest that won't be one-sided."

This strikes me as an exceptional idea. All Olympic games are gone for many years. The South American-North American round-up has blown up as far as sport is concerned.

Canada and the United States are locked in together, two sections of a troubled and harassed world that are closer than any other two sections. They belong together. The Canadians are our people, are close to being the same breed—especially along the lines of sport and sports-

manship. There is a basic quality back of this Canada-United States competition that should be carried through.

The first start in any world peace is the peace and friendliness of neighbours.

In a London suburb, a large factory making electrical equipment for aircraft is only 40 feet wide, but seven miles long. It occupies an unused subway.



THE LARGEST INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS.

- Over £100,000,000 subscribed to Government War Loans since the outbreak of war.
- Over 12,000 members of the Staff are in the Forces.

G. J. M. BEST, F.C.I.I., General Manager for Australia and N.Z. F. D. FOSKEY, A.C.I.I., Assistant Manager for Australia and N.Z. R. C. CHAPPLE, F.A.I.I., Agency Manager for Australia and N.Z. L. W. OFFORD, F.I.A., Actuary for Australia and New Zealand.

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THE BURDENS ARE GREAT; THE RISKS MANY.

Now-a-days no considerate man appoints a friend as sole Executor and Trustee under his Will. The burden is too great, the risks too many.

Far better to appoint Perpetual Trustee Company Limited. If it be desired to link the friend up as counsellor, by all means appoint him as Co-trustee with the Company that is so well equipped to bear burdens of responsibility; that can guarantee a continuity of sound administration of your Estate based on 57 years' experience.

Write for a copy of "Your Executor and Trustee," that explains the Company's service and what it costs.

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H. V. DOUGLASS, Managing Director. P. CURETON, Manager. Executor and Trustee, Agent under Power of Attorney for Absentees and others, Administrator, etc.

Trust and Agency Funds under Administration exceed £61,500,000

33-39 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

AUSTRALIAN COMFORTS FUND

RACE MEETING

RANDWICK RACECOURSE

Saturday, 18th March, 1944

PROGRAMME

The Diggers' Encourage Handicap.

(For Horses Five-Years-Old and under)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 16th March; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden and Novice Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £75. Lowest handicap weight, 7st.

The Services' Handicap.

(For Two-Year-Olds)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 16th March; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For two-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Six Furlongs.

The Automatic Totalisators Handicap.

(For Three-Year-Olds.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 16th March; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For three-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st.

One Mile and a Furlong.

The Quality Handicap.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 16th March; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. The highest handicap weight, 9st. 5lb. Lowest handicap weight, 7st.

Seven Furlongs.

(Prize money kindly donated by Canterbury Park Turf Club, Moorefield Turf Club and Rosehill Racing Club.)

The Australian Comforts Fund Cup.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 16th March; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Lowest handidicap weight 7st.

One Mile and a Quarter.

(Prize money kindly donated by "Truth & Sportsman Ltd.")

The Bookmakers' Highweight Handicap.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the A.J.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 16th March; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 8st.

One Mile.

CONDITIONS

ENTRIES.—The Entries for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of the A.J.C., Sydney; V.R.C., Melbourne; Q.T.C., Brisbane; or N.J.C., Newcastle, before 4 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 6th March, 1944. The first forfeit of £1 must accompany each entry. If entries are made by telegram the amount of forfeit must also be telegraphed.

WEIGHTS.—Weights to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 13th March, or such other time as the Committee may appoint.

ACCEPTANCES.—Acceptances are due with the Secretary, A.J.C., Sydney, ONLY at 1 p.m. on Thursday, 16th March.

Owners of horses not scratched before that time become liable for balance of the Sweepstakes.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (unless otherwise provided) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower-weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such race without a division, except that provision may be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance. No Race will be divided.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The forfeits paid for horses rejected to be refunded, as provided in A.J.C. Rules of Racing 50.

Horses engaged in more than one race on the same day (weight-for-age races excepted) when one or the other of the races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse shall be permitted to accept only for 1 race. Without a declaration by acceptance time as to the race preferred, a horse shall be considered as an acceptor in the first race engaged on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distance advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

Entries for any of the above Races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

GEO. T. ROWE | Joint Hon. T. T. MANNING | Secretaries.

AMERICAN PIONEERS IN AUSTRALIA

The following article by Frederick J. Haskin is reprinted in part from the Monthly Bulletin of the Australian-American Cooperation Movement, which acknowledges the "Boston Traveller." The article tells of colourful Americans who left their mark on Commonwealth life.

NEAR THE TOWN of Hav in New South Wales, Australia, an old post with a curious iron frame stands against the level of the horizon. There is nothing peculiar about it, except that it was once a lighthouse 600 miles from the sea. Eight years ago, the lighthouse keeper would put an oil lamp in the frame and focus the beam which could be seen twenty miles across the treeless plains of the Murrumbidgee River. This land lighthouse was the farthest outpost in the world of the great transport corporation of Cobb and Company, an American enterprise.

No business firm's name is more honoured in Australia than that of Cobb and Co. When gold had resulted in the doubling of Australia's population in the 10 years of the 1850's, it was Freeman Cobb, a Californian, and another American, James Rutherford, an Erie canaler, who ran the only transport system that could function on the unmade roads of the Australian continent.

Freeman Cobb was one of the California diggers who went from the gold rush there in 1849 to the gold rush in Australia in 1851. He saw heavy coaches, steel sprung, shake into pieces. He and his two brothers took 12 crack drivers and 10 coaches of the American type from California to Melbourne. These coaches were soon getting the cream of the travel business at a time when miners would offer a silk hat full of ore for a 500-mile ride.

The Cobbs were the business kings of Australia. At the height of their success they had 10,000 horses on the road every day and 10,000 in reserve. Their enterprise earned 500,040 dollars a year in mail sub-

sidies and millions in passenger and freight revenues. Cobbs' drivers were the celebrities of the day. Dressed in white moleskin, cabbage tree palm hat, red shirt and high boots, these Yankee drivers were the heroes of the bustling age. It was only in 1912 that a Cobb and Co. coach made its last run in Queensland.

Cobb and Co. were only one of a long list of honoured American names in Australian history. There were two Californians, Ben Chaffey and his brother, George, who looked at the levee banks of Australia's Mississippi, the Murray River, surveyed the sun-blistered plains below it, and thought of their native State before they got water to it.

George was one of the men who made California's Imperial Valley one of the richest stretches of ground on earth. He and his brother did the same for the Murray plains by bringing water to 250,000 acres of desert, a desert that is now the centre of Australia's 20,000,000 dollars dried fruit export trade.

Two odd and picturesque figures helped to round out this gallery of Americans who pioneered in Australia. One was Bully Hayes, and the other was King O'Malley.

Son of a Mississippi barge owner, Hayes was a huge man with a foghorn voice, who sailed a pirate schooner from San Francisco to Australia. After a flamboyant period of high living, he started slave trading between Australia and the South Sea islands, running cargoes of Chinese and islanders to work in the Queensland cane fields. He became known as "King of the Blackbirders," a

blackbirder being a kidnapper of native labour.

In every Australian census for 30 vears there has appeared under the heading of religious bodies an item, "Church of the Rock-bound Water Lilv-1." This was King O'Malley, bearded, picturesque, super-salesman, who early in his career took advantage of the Australian law which granted free land to organised religious bodies. O'Malley founded the Church of the Rock-Bound Water Lily and received a land grant. His census entry recognised this opportunistic episode of his youth, but there are no records of any meetings of his church being held in Australia.

It was a United States architect, Walter Burley Griffen, who designed Canberra.



AN OVER-RATED "ART"

The most overrated "art" that ever came out of Japan is their national system of self-defence known as jiujitsu. Everyone knows what that is, or is supposed to be: a technique by which the little guy can always lick the big guy, and even a weak woman is more than a match for a 200lb. deckhand. That tradition has been built up carefully over half a century by fake exhibitions and subtle allegations

The fact is that a good American wrestler can beat a jiu-jitsu performer at will. After 25 years of close acquaintance with wrestling and jiu-jitsu I can't find one authenticated case of a top-flight American wrestler losing to a Jap jiu-jitsu man. Many mixed matches have been held. The American catch-as-catch-can man always won.

Once, in Denver, around 1905, the late Frank Gotch, heavyweight wrest-ling champion of the world, met not one but five Japs in a ring at one

time. Gotch disabled all five inside of ten minutes. Farmer Burns, Gotch's trainer, and himself a great wrestling virtuoso, told me he had had more than 200 matches with jiujitsu men.

"Ever lose one?" I asked.

"Never even lost a fall in one."

"Are those Japs tough?"

"Tough for the man in the street; easy for a trained wrestler," was Burns' opinion.

In this war considerable attention is paid to giving American soldiers the rudiments of wrestling and rough and tumble fighting. A man trained in modern methods of unarmed defence has nothing to fear if he meets a jiu-jitsu man face to face. He has the odds on his side, regardless of all you may have read about the wonders of the "mysterious Oriental death art."

—Charles B. Roth in the "Saturday Evening Post."

PARTNERS

Feitelbaum and Garfinkel were partners. One morning Feitelbaum said to Garfinkel: "I'm sick and tired of my name. With your permission I'm changing it to O'Brien." Garfinkel looked thoughtful, and a few days later announced that he, too, was tired of the name he had been bearing all his life. "With your permission," he said, "I have also changed my name to O'Brien.' Thereupon the old sign was taken down and a resplendent new one, reading "O'Brien & O'Brien," was put up in its place. A few mornings later the telephone rang and a voice demanded to be connected with Mr. O'Brien. "Very good, sir," said the cheery voiced operator, "but which Mr. O'Brien do you want: Feitelbaum or Garfinkel?"

Time is fleeting, life is brief.

Take ye share of joy or grief—
Regardless which. The clock will be
Ticking when we're in eternity.

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"The Other Half" - A Navy Custom

Something I will always remember of the Navy was my first experience of drinking "the other half." It happened at Jervis Bay when the British Service Squadron, under Admiral Sir Frederick Field, put in there, in 1924, before coming on to the ceremonies in Sydney.

At 4 a.m. on the day previously we—the office photographer and I—had set out by motor car in torrential rain. A cyclone whipped up within the first hour of our journey. When we reached Huskisson, about dusk, we had the appearance of having swum all the way. Between then and dawn—when we were scheduled to move on to Jervis Bay—I snatched two hours' sleep.

When I was called at dawn, the cyclone had blown up again. Down to the beach the Press gang trudged through the slashing rain. Through the dim light one of the fellows observed something riding the gale. "What's that bobbing up and down like a cork?" he asked. "That," volunteered one of the locals, bootless and clad in a great oilskin, "is the

tug comin' to take you gentlemen to Jervis Bay." Thereupon everybody determined to risk the journey by motor car. As our car was more or less out of commission, after the terrific journey up, there was nothing left for me but to go by tug.

The boys cheered as the craft cast off and the crew threw a huge tarpaulin over me, bearing me to the deck and out of sight of my comrades. The man who went over the Niagara Falls in a barrel had nothing on me.

When we got there, all of us, we found certain officers of the Royal Australian Navy- unco-operative, to put it mildly. Possibly they had not appreciated that we had kept the assignment with the blessing of the Minister for the Navy and that we also were of the quarter deck in our staff ranking.

As spokesman, I had finally gone into action bristling with guns. And then—a high ranking officer suggested that the discussion might be calmer over a little drink. "Little drink," he said distinctly.

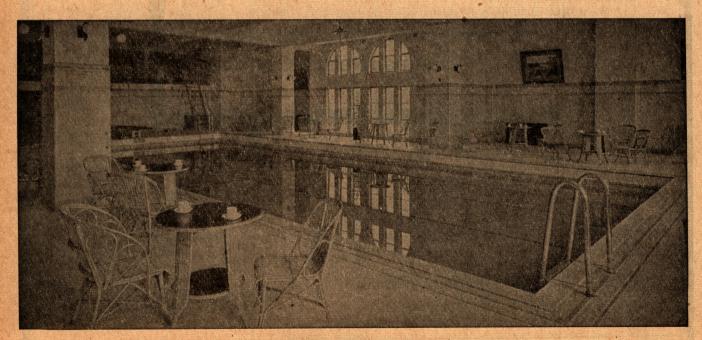
I drank it down with great effort. "Let's have the other half," he said pleasantly, almost immediately. Down that went, too. Then my host sprang to his feet and greeted a higher-ranking officer: "Good afternoon, sir. May I introduce ——" (naming me).

This higher-ranking officer said: "Well, we'd better have one." I could detect that this man's word was law. That drink went down also and, with a superhuman effort, I swallowed "the other half." Only four drinks, but each with a terrific kick, in true Navy hospitality.

The higher-ranking officer began to explain. "Pray, don't mention it," I said, "the —— cyclone got into the hair of us all." Of course, it was quite irreverent on my part to have suggested that such a minor circumstance as a cyclone should have concerned the Navy; but that lapse was overlooked.

When I got back to the boys they asked: "Well, did you tell off the — Navy?" Truthfully I answered: "To the best of my ability."

THE CLUB MAN.



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SPORT'S FUTURE

Another year has shoved its way into the calendar. Its only important feature concerns the war and the winning of the war. Everyone knows that, without any further argument or debate.

What about the sporting side?

In our opinion this will depend largely on the progress of the war and the casualty list. There isn't going to be any commercial sporting programme that accompanies a heavy casualty list. We can guarantee that. But whatever happens there will still be sport for the sake of physical conditioning and war training, just as there is in England.

There is no sport for profit in England. There are many hundreds of teams playing before many hundreds of thousands of spectators—but it is all for the war effort, every pound and shilling taken in. This can easily happen in the United States when the war picks up pace and more blood begins to flow.

This country isn't going to give up competitive sport—certainly not with so many service teams that need sport and want it. But it is quite possible that if the war gets tougher, as it might easily do, if the draft keeps working as it has started to work, any form of money-making sport can have a hard season.

It is now an understood fact that service men all over the world want sport to keep moving along, especially baseball and football, but if the manpower demand keeps up, if a long list of fathers are drafted, if 4-F's are reclassified, as so many will be, there can be another story.

JUST JUVENILES

We hold no grudge against the ballyhoo set up for such younger entries as Colonel Mat Winn, 82, Connie Mack, 81, Lonnie Stagg, 81, or Colonel Ed. Bradley, 83. They have all had more than their share of the headlines for over sixty years.

But we'd like to make another nomination that even tops this. His name is Arlie Latham, now 84 years old, and looking somewhere in the early 60's.

Arlie is now a guardian of the

press box in New York. But there was a time, some sixty odd years ago, when he was a star infielder for the St. Louis Browns in the crazy days of Chris von der Ahe.

Arlie Latham came to the Browns around 1880. He was an able infielder, a good clutch hitter, baseball's top clown and also an inspiring entry. Arlie was one of the smartest men that ever played baseball, in any league or at any time. He had a keen, quick wit that dominated any situation where repartee might figure.

The main point is that Arlie Latham at 84, a veteran who can look back over 60 years, even beyond the days of Connie Mack and Matt Winn and Lonnie Stagg, thirty years before Ty Cobb or Babe Ruth were ever known, is still hale, hearty and active.

"The first sixty years was the hardest," Arlie says. "Now I'm hanging around with guys that I like."

THE APE HERITAGE

We are walking remnants of the primeval jungle, and as proof there are many muscles in the human body that are never brought into use, including those moving the ears. Except in freak cases the ears are not movable. Apparently in early ances-

tors these could be pricked up, like those of animals, in the direction of terrifying sound.

A still stranger survival is the eustachian tube, which runs from the back of the throat to the drum of the ear. It apparently serves the purpose of keeping the air pressure on the drum equal on both sides. But the fact is, it is a survival of the first gill-slit of our primitive fish ancestors, who came from the sea.

Primitive animals had two extra eyes, placed in the top of the head. In survivals, like the N.Z. Tuatara, there is still an eye (the left-hand organ of the original pair), buried beneath the skin. In human beings this eye has become buried in the brain. Whether it serves any purpose is still a disputed point.

Among other useless survivals are the tear-duct (relict of third eye-brow); also part of the shoulder-blade, which dates to flying reptiles; a climbing muscle, occasionally found in the armpit; the small bone of the lower leg, useful to apes in climbing, but which in man has often been used by surgeons in grafting, removed holus-bolus, without affecting the use of the leg.

Every human being, besides possessing a rudimentary "tail," also has the muscles for moving same. In the human embryo the tail projects from the trunk, and contains four or five vertebral rudiments. Later it becomes overgrown.



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RACING FIXTURES

1944

MARCH.	AUGUST.
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 4th	Ascot Saturday, 5th
Canterbury Saturday, 11th	Moorefield Saturday, 12th
Australian Comforts Fund Saturday, 18th	A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 19th
Rosehill Saturday, 25th	Sydney Turf Club (Randwick), Saturday, 26th
Carrier and American Street Control of the Control	Kanada an and the same and the same
APRIL.	SEPTEMBER.
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 1st	A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 2nd
A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting) Saturday, 8th	Canterbury Saturday, 9th
A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting) Monday, 10th	Tattersall's Saturday, 16th
A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting) Saturday, 15th	Rosehill Saturday, 23rd
Rosehill Saturday, 22nd	Hawkesbury Saturday, 30th
Canterbury Saturday, 29th	The state of the same of the s
是一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个	OCTOBER.
MAY.	A.J.C. (Spring Meeting) Saturday, 7th
Moorefield Saturday, 6th	A.J.C. (Spring Meeting) Saturday, 14th
Canterbury Saturday, 13th	A.J.C. (Spring Meeting) Saturday, 21s
Hawkesbury Saturday, 20th	City Tattersall's Saturday, 28th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 27th	the state of the s
	NOVEMBER.
JUNE.	Rosehill Saturday, 4t
Rosehill Saturday, 3rd	Victoria Park Saturday, 11t
Sydney Turf Club (Randwick), Saturday, 10th	A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 18t
A.J.C. (Winter Meeting) Saturday, 17th	A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 25t
A.J.C. (Winter Meeting) Saturday, 24th	AND STATEMENT TO
	DECEMBER.
JULY.	Moorefield Saturday, 2n
	Canterbury Saturday, 9t
Canterbury Saturday, 1st	Ascot Saturday, 16t
Rosehill Saturday, 8th Moorefield	A.J.C. (Summer Meeting) Saturday, 23r
A.J.C	A.J.C. (Summer Meeting) Tuesday, 261
Victoria Park Saturday, 29th	Tattersali's Saturday, 30t

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KYOGLE

IN the year 1828, a solitary sailing ship, H.M.S. "Rainbow," commanded by Capt. the Hon. Mr. Rous, sailing along the barely charted and quite unknown coast of northern New South Wales, discovered that great river which the discovered that great river which the discovered rays the name of to which the discoverers gave the name of "Richmond," after Charles, Duke of Richmond. Later in the same year Allan Cunningham, with Captain Logan, commandant of the Penal Settlement at Moreton Bay, and Mr. Fraser, Colonial Botanist, exploring the country south of Brisbane, came upon the coastline and fine open country breaking into plains one of which is to-day the site of Kyogle.

Settlement came gradually, due undoubtedly to some infiltration of men from the Clarence looking for good country on the sister river. Cedar-getters were the first to break the silence but were not responsible for any settlement or improvement.

improvement.

In 1841 E. D. T. Ogilvie arrived on the upper Richmond and selected Wyangarie, but sold out almost immediately to his brother-in-law, Wellington Charles Bundock, who erected the first building—a slab hut—on Wyangarie Hill. This hut subsequently was burnt by hostile blacks, but nothing daunted, that worthy pioneer carried on and built another slab house. Later followed a brick building composed of material dried in kilns on the banks of the river running through his land.

The original name of the Kyogle district was "Fairymount," a grant taken in the name of Sir J. Jamieson, of Penrith, by one Gale, an agent. After several changes the holding became the property of Alexander McKellar, who decided to adopt the native name for the district, "Kyogle," meaning the "plain turkey" or "scrub turkey."

Other early grants as well as "Wyangarie" and "Fairymount" included Dyraaba, Fairfield, Redbank, Glenugie, Woodenbong, Runnymede, Virginia and Heifer Stations.

Oliver Fry, Commissioner for Crown Lands in 1845, with headquarters at Port Macquarie, paid a visit to the Upper Richmond which he found almost untouched and in his own words, said of the district. "No country ever said of the district . . . "No country ever came from the hands of its Creator more eminently qualified to be the abode of a thriving and numerous population."

adic timber-getting, J. Reeves, a stockman from Gordon Brook on the Clarence, arrived on the Upper Richmond and commenced dairying for Doctor Dobie, owner of "Stratheden" station. This was possibly the first attempted dairy farming along the whole Richmond River and the exact location of the Doctor's farm is to-day a few hundred yards north-west of the "Stratheden" stockyard.

Butter was the principal product of the dairy, but cheese also was manufactured and the herd which reached from 50 to 60 was composed of Shorthorns, Herefords and a few Devon.

A dairy on the Richmond was established in the 60's by Captain Glennie at Unumgar, near Mount Lindesay, its purpose being to supply the Tooloom gold diggings with cheese and butter.

The first man to take up land under the Free Selection Scheme of 1861 was John Wilson, who selected near the Junction of the River with Grady's Creek, some 13 miles above Kyogle and named his holding, with some forebodings, "The Risk."

About the same time William Saville of Geneva, with his wife and young family arrived and selected One-Tree Farm, then an Farm, then an area of some 640 acres, which is now known as Geneva, just on the outskirts of Kyogle. Later settlers included Charles Heatley, Peter as Geneva, just on the outskirts of Kyogle. Later settlers included Charles Heatley, Peter Comisky, Charles and Donald Shannon, George Bailey, William Weary, Robert Walters, Archivaled Buchanan, Mrs. Murray Prior, Andrew Campbell, Hugh Cameron, W. S. Walters and E. N. and G. C. Larkin.

Lack of transport facilities was the greatest to a future bar to the progress of Kyogle, and the form-ation of the original Railway League

ation of the original Kailway League synchronised with the settlement of the Kyogle Estate; though nothing came of this movement for nother decade, commercial dairying really commenced in 1899.

H. J. Smith, owner of Kyogle Station, was the pioneer of the movement—whilst William Saville and Pacher and Richard Walters also

and Robert and Richard Walters also thriving and numerous population."

The pioneers of those early days were indeed self-sufficient and despite their many trials, hardships and often extreme difficulties lived a full and happy life, often conquering the lack of educational facilities by themselves teaching their children.

During the early 50's, whilst the district was still purely pastoral, combined with sporbecame suppliers—so that

So began Kyogle's most impressive forward move and the staple industry of to-day.

In 1906 the first copy of the newspaper "Kyogle Examiner and Northern Rivers Adver-tiser" was printed and in the same year came the Shire Council which has since done such excellent work for the district.

In 1910 the railway from Casino was opened and in 1926 it was agreed that a link by railroad should be formed by railroad should be formed between Grafton, Kyogle and South Brisbane. On this occasion the Hon. W. M. McCormack, then Premier of Queensland, said . . "This will be a link which as well as being the beginning of a national highway between national highway between
Brisbane and Perth, will help
to develop the rich and fertile province of the northern
rivers of New South Wales."

The timber industry in Kyogle had a humble beginning, but has reached huge proportions and now plays an important part in the economic life of the community. The first mill was built by H. J. Dennis at the foot of Red Hill, and Munro and Lever commenced logging in 1910. Mills were erected at Terris Creek and The Gorge and by 1925, 4,700,000 feet of logs had been put through in the

So with the timber industry, dairying and cattle-raising, Kyogle has moved steadily ahead. Horses and pigs also are bred in the area whilst there are some thousands of acres under maize and green feed. The soil is very rich volcanic and dark loam and is watered by numerous creeks.

district.

The butter production for Kyogle runs into the stupendous sum of some millions of lbs. annually.

The town is well served by electric light and power reticulated from the Nymboida Scheme, and there is also a splendid water

Among the necessary institutions in the district are the Kyogle Memorial Hospital opened in 1925, a splendid Soldiers' Memorial Club, Post Office, Intermediate High School—in fact every organisation for the advancement and comfort of the district.

And so Kyogle, upon the upper Richmond, lying below the foothills rising to the Dividing Range and Mount Lindesay, proud in its record of achievement looks with confidence to a future fraught with great hopes and great



Kyogle Branch.

The RURAL BAN! OF NEW SOUTH WALES